# Sing-Song

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SING-SONG

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# SING-SONG

A NURSERY RHYME BOOK AND
OTHER POEMS FOR CHILDREN

BY

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARGUERITE DAVIS

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1924

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Set up and electrotyped.
Published September, 1924.

*Printed in the United States of America by*
J. J. LITTLE AND IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

RHYMES DEDICATED
WITHOUT PERMISSION
TO THE BABY
WHO SUGGESTED THEM

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# PART I

# IN THE COUNTRY

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

Three plum buns
To eat here at the stile
In the clover meadow,
For we have walked a mile.

One for you, and one for me,
And one left-over:
Give it to the boy who shouts
To scare sheep from the clover.

A frisky lamb
And a frisky child
Playing their pranks
  In a cowslip meadow:

The sky all blue
And the air all mild
And the fields all sun
  And the lanes half shadow.

Playing at bob cherry
  Tom and Nell and Hugh:
Cherry bob! cherry bob!
  There's a bob for you.

Tom bobs a cherry
  For gaping snapping Hugh,
While curly-pated Nelly
  Snaps at it too.

Look, look, look—
  O what a sight to see!
The wind is playing cherry bob
  With the cherry tree.

Minnie and Mattie
And fat little May,
Out in the country,
Spending a day.

Such a bright day,
With the sun glowing,
And the trees half in leaf,
And the grass growing.

Pinky white pigling
  Squeals through his snout,
Woolly white lambkin
  Frisks all about.

Cluck! cluck! the nursing hen
  Summons her folk,—
Ducklings all downy soft,
  Yellow as yolk.

Cluck! cluck! the mother hen
  Summons her chickens
To peck the dainty bits
  Found in her pickings.

Minnie and Mattie
  And May carry posies,
Half of sweet violets,
  Half of primroses.

Give the sun time enough,
  Glowing and glowing,
He'll rouse the roses
  And bring them blowing.

Don't wait for roses
  Losing to-day,
O Minnie, Mattie,
  And wise little May.

Violets and primroses
  Blossom to-day
For Minnie and Mattie
  And fat little May.

Brown and furry
Caterpillar in a hurry
Take your walk
To the shady leaf, or stalk,
Or what not,
Which may be the chosen spot.
No toad spy you,
Hovering bird of prey pass by you;
Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly.

'Kookoorookoo! kookoorookoo!'
Crows the cock before the morn;
'Kikirikee! kikirikee!'
Roses in the east are born.

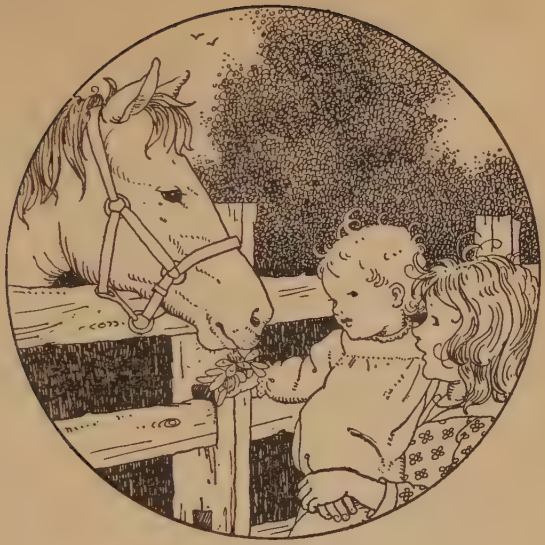
'Kookoorookoo! kookoorookoo!'
Early birds begin their singing;
'Kikirikee! kikirikee!'
The day, the day, the day is springing.

When the cows come home the milk is
coming,
Honey's made while the bees are humming;
Duck and drake on the rushy lake,
And the deer live safe in the breezy brake;
And timid, funny, brisk little bunny
Winks his nose and sits all sunny.

On the grassy banks
Lambkins at their pranks;
Woolly sisters, woolly brothers,
  Jumping off their feet,
While their woolly mothers
  Watch by them and bleat.

Growing in the vale
By the uplands hilly,
Growing straight and frail,
Lady Daffadowndilly.

In a golden crown,
And a scant green gown
While the spring blows chilly,
Lady Daffadown,
Sweet Daffadowndilly.



The horses of the sea
Rear a foaming crest,
But the horses of the land
Serve us the best.

The horses of the land
Munch corn and clover,
While the foaming sea-horses
Toss and turn over.

Currants on a bush,
And figs upon a stem,
And cherries on a bending bough,
And Ned to gather them.

A white hen sitting
On white eggs three:
Next, three speckled chickens
As plump as plump can be.

An owl and a hawk
And a bat come to see;
But chicks beneath their mother's wing
Squat safe as safe can be.

Rushes in a watery place,
  And reeds in a hollow;
A soaring skylark in the sky,
  A darting swallow;
And where pale blossom used to hang
  Ripe fruit to follow.

The days are clear,
  Day after day,
When April's here,
  That leads to May,
And June
Must follow soon:
  Stay, June, stay!—
If only we could stop the moon
And June!

Dancing on the hill-tops,
Singing in the valleys,
Laughing with the echoes,
Merry little Alice.

Playing games with lambkins
In the flowering valleys,
Gathering pretty posies,
Helpful little Alice.

If her father's cottage
Turned into a palace,
And he owned the hill-tops
And the flowering valleys,
She'd be none the happier,
Happy little Alice.

Where innocent bright-eyed daisies are,
With blades of grass between,
Each daisy stands up like a star
Out of a sky of green.

The lily has an air,
  And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweetpea a way,
  And the heartsease a face,—
Yet there's nothing like the rose
  When she blows.

I am a King,
Or an Emperor rather,
I wear crown-imperial
And prince's-feather;
Golden-rod is the sceptre
I wield and wag,
And a broad purple flag-flower
Waves for my flag.

Elder the pithy
With old-man and sage,
These are my councillors
Green in old age;
Lords-and-ladies in silence
Stand round me and wait,
While gay ragged-robin
Makes bows at my gate.

Brownie, Brownie, let down your milk,
White as swansdown and smooth as silk,
Fresh as dew and pure as snow:
For I know where the cowslips blow,
And you shall have a cowslip wreath
No sweeter scented than your breath.

Wrens and robins in the hedge,
  Wrens and robins here and there;
Building, perching, pecking, fluttering,
  Everywhere!

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

The summer nights are short
  Where northern days are long:
For hours and hours lark after lark
  Trills out his song.

The summer days are short
  Where southern nights are long:
Yet short the night when nightingales
  Trill out their song.

O wind, why do you never rest,
  Wandering, whistling to and fro,
Bringing rain out of the west,
  From the dim north bringing snow?

'Ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do.'
'If you've a penny in your purse
I'll ferry you.'

'I have a penny in my purse,
And my eyes are blue;
So ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do!'

'Step into my ferry-boat,
Be they black or blue,
And for the penny in your purse
I'll ferry you.'

O wind, where have you been,
That you blow so sweet?
Among the violets
Which blossom at your feet.

The honeysuckle waits
For Summer and for heat.
But violets in the chilly Spring
Make the turf so sweet.

Fly away, fly away over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

# PART II

# AT HOME

Eight o'clock;
The postman's knock!
Five letters for Papa;
  One for Lou,
  And none for you,
And three for dear Mamma.

Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
  Pop it in the pan;
Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake,—
  Catch it if you can.

Bread and milk for breakfast,
And woollen frocks to wear,
And a crumb for robin redbreast
On the cold days of the year.

O sailor, come ashore,
  What have you brought for me?
Red coral, white coral,
  Coral from the sea.

I did not dig it from the ground,
  Nor pluck it from a tree;
Feeble insects made it
  In the stormy sea.

The wind has such a rainy sound
  Moaning through the town,
The sea has such a windy sound,—
  Will the ships go down?

The apples in the orchard
  Tumble from their tree.—
Oh will the ships go down, go down,
  In the windy sea?

A house of cards
  Is neat and small:
Shake the table,
  It must fall.

Find the Court cards
  One by one;
Raise it, roof it,—
  Now it's done:—
Shake the table!
  That's the fun.

The city mouse lives in a house;—
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;—
The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,
Poor little timid furry man.

Mother shake the cherry-tree,
Susan catch a cherry;
Oh how funny that will be,
Let's be merry!

One for brother, one for sister,
Two for mother more,
Six for father, hot and tired,
Knocking at the door.

All the bells were ringing
And all the birds were singing,
When Molly sat down crying
  For her broken doll:
  O you silly Moll!
Sobbing and sighing
  For a broken doll,
When all the bells are ringing
And all the birds are singing.

'If I were a Queen,
What would I do?
I'd make you King,
And I'd wait on you.'

'If I were a King,
What would I do?
I'd make you Queen,
For I'd marry you.'

Clever little Willie wee,
  Bright-eyed, blue-eyed little fellow;
Merry little Margery
  With her hair all yellow.

Little Willie in his heart
  Is a sailor on the sea,
And he often cons a chart
  With sister Margery.

A diamond or a coal?
  A diamond, if you please:
Who cares about a clumsy coal
  Beneath the summer trees?

A diamond or a coal?
  A coal, sir, if you please:
One comes to care about the coal
  What time the waters freeze.

Hopping frog, hop here and be seen,
I'll not pelt you with stick or stone:
Your cap is laced and your coat is green;
Good-bye, we'll let each other alone.

Plodding toad, plod here and be looked at,
You the finger of scorn is crooked at:
But though you're lumpish, you're harmless too;
You won't hurt me, and I won't hurt you.

The peach tree on the southern wall
Has basked so long beneath the sun,
Her score of peaches great and small
Bloom rosy, every one.

A peach for brothers, one for each,
A peach for you and a peach for me;
But the biggest, rosiest, downiest peach
For Grandmamma with her tea.

The dear old woman in the lane
  Is sick and sore with pains and aches,
We'll go to her this afternoon,
  And take her tea and eggs and cakes.

We'll stop to make the kettle boil,
  And brew some tea, and set the tray
And poach an egg, and toast a cake,
  And wheel her chair round, if we may.

Pussy has a whiskered face,
Kitty has such pretty ways;
Doggie scampers when I call,
And has a heart to love us all.

There's snow on the fields,
And cold in the cottage,
While I sit in the chimney nook
Supping hot pottage.

My clothes are soft and warm,
Fold upon fold,
But I'm so sorry for the poor
Out in the cold.

A rose has thorns as well as honey,
I'll not have her for love or money;
An iris grows so straight and fine
That she shall be no friend of mine;
Snowdrops like the snow would chill me;
Nightshade would caress and kill me;
Crocus like a spear would fright me;
Dragon's-mouth might bark or bite me;
Convolvulus but blooms to die;
A wind-flower suggests a sigh;
Love-lies-bleeding makes me sad;
And poppy-juice would drive me mad:—
But give me holly, bold and jolly,
Honest, prickly, shining holly;
Pluck me holly leaf and berry
For the day when I make merry.

Dead in the cold, a song-singing thrush,
Dead at the foot of a snowberry bush,—
Weave him a coffin of rush,
Dig him a grave where the soft mosses grow,
Raise him a tombstone of snow.

# PART III

# JUST FOR FUN

If a pig wore a wig,
What could we say?
Treat him as a gentleman,
And say 'Good day.'

If his tail chanced to fail,
What could we do?—
Send him to the tailoress
To get one new.

The peacock has a score of eyes,
With which he cannot see;
The cod-fish has a silent sound,
However that may be;

No dandelions tell the time,
Although they turn to clocks;
Cat's-cradle does not hold the cat,
Nor foxglove fit the fox.

When fishes set umbrellas up
If the rain-drops run,
Lizards will want their parasols
To shade them from the sun.

A pin has a head, but has no hair;
A clock has a face, but no mouth there;
Needles have eyes, but they cannot see;
A fly has a trunk without lock or key;
A timepiece may lose, but cannot win;
A corn-field dimples without a chin;
A hill has no leg, but has a foot;
A wine-glass a stem, but not a root;
A watch has hands, but no thumb or finger;
A boot has a tongue, but is no singer;
Rivers run, though they have no feet;
A saw has teeth, but it does not eat;
Ash-trees have keys, yet never a lock;
And baby crows, without being a cock.

What does the donkey bray about?
What does the pig grunt through his snout?
What does the goose mean by a hiss?
Oh, Nurse, if you can tell me this,
I'll give you such a kiss.

The cockatoo calls 'cockatoo,'
The magpie chatters 'how d' ye do?'
The jackdaw bids me 'go away,'
Cuckoo cries 'cuckoo' half the day:
What do the others say?

There is one that has a head without an eye,
And there's one that has an eye without a head:
You may find the answer if you try;
And when all is said,
Half the answer hangs upon a thread.

I have a Poll parrot,
And Poll is my doll,
And my nurse is Polly,
And my sister Poll.

'Polly!' cried Polly,
'Don't tear Polly dolly'
While soft-hearted Poll
Trembled for the doll.

Wee wee husband,
  Give me some money,
I have no comfits,
  And I have no honey.

Wee wee wifie,
  I have no money,
Milk, no meat, nor bread to eat,
  Comfits, nor honey.

---

I have a little husband
  And he is gone to sea;
The winds that whistle round his ship
  Fly home to me.

The winds that sigh about me
  Return again to him;
So I would fly, if only I
  Were light of limb.

If a mouse could fly,
  Or if a crow could swim,
Or if a sprat could walk and talk,
  I'd like to be like him.

If a mouse could fly,
  He might fly away;
Or if a crow could swim,
  It might turn him grey;
Or if a sprat could walk and talk,
  What would he find to say?

# PART IV
# LESSON TIME

## AN ALPHABET

**A** is the Alphabet, A at its head;
**A** is an Antelope, agile to run.
**B** is the Baker Boy bringing the bread,
Or black Bear and brown Bear, both
begging for bun.

**C** is a Cornflower come with the corn;
**C** is a Cat with a comical look.
**D** is a dinner which Dahlias adorn;
**D** is a Duchess who dines with a Duke.

E is an elegant eloquent Earl;
E is an Egg whence an Eaglet emerges.
F is a Falcon, with feathers to furl;
F is a Fountain of full foaming surges.

G is the Gander, the Gosling, the Goose;
G is a Garnet in girdle of gold.
H is a Heartsease, harmonious of hues;
H is a huge Hammer, heavy to hold.

I is an Idler who idles on ice;
I am I—who will say I am not I?
J is a Jacinth, a jewel of price;
J is a Jay, full of joy in July.

K is a King or a Kaiser still higher:
K is a Kitten, or quaint Kangaroo.
L is a Lute or a lovely-toned Lyre;
L is a Lily all laden with dew.

M is a meadow where Meadowsweet blows;
M is a Mountain made dim by a mist.
N is a nut—in a nutshell it grows—
Or a Nest full of Nightingales singing—
oh list!

O is an Opal, with only one spark;
O is an Olive, with oil on its skin.

P is a Pony, a pet in a park;
P is the Point of a Pen or a Pin.

Q is a Quail, quick-chirping at morn;
Q is a Quince quite ripe and near dropping.
R is a Rose, rosy red on a thorn;
R is a red-breasted Robin come hopping.

S is a Snow-storm that sweeps o'er the Sea;
S is the Song that the swift Swallows sing.
T is the Tea-table set out for Tea;
T is a Tiger with terrible spring.

U, the Umbrella, went up in a shower;
Or Unit is useful with ten to unite.
V is a Violet veined in the flower;
V is a Viper of venomous bite.

W stands for the water-bred Whale—
Stands for the wonderful Wax-work so gay.
X, or XX, or XXX, is ale,
Or Policeman X, exercised day after day.

Y is a yellow Yacht, yellow its boat;
Y is the Yacca, the Yam, or the Yew.
Z is a Zebra, zigzagged his coat,
Or Zebu, or Zoöphyte, seen at the Zoo

Swift and sure the swallow,
  Slow and sure the snail:
Slow and sure may miss his way,
  Swift and sure may fail.

A motherless soft lambkin
Alone upon a hill;
No mother's fleece to shelter him
And wrap him from the cold:—
I'll run to him and comfort him,
I'll fetch him, that I will;
I'll care for him and feed him
Until he's strong and bold.

1 and 1 are 2—
That's for me and you.

2 and 2 are 4—
That's a couple more.

3 and 3 are 6
Barley-sugar sticks.

4 and 4 are 8
Tumblers at the gate.

5 and 5 are 10
Bluff seafaring men.

6 and 6 are 12
Garden lads who delve.

7 and 7 are 14
Young men bent on sporting.

8 and 8 are 16
Pills the doctor's mixing.

9 and 9 are 18
Passengers kept waiting.

10 and 10 are 20
Roses—pleasant plenty!

11 and 11 are 22
Sums for brother George to do.

12 and 12 are 24
Pretty pictures, and no more.

Hear what the mournful linnets say:
'We built our nest compact and warm,
But cruel boys came round our way
And took our summerhouse by storm.

'They crushed the eggs so neatly laid;
So now we sit with drooping wing,
And watch the ruin they have made,
Too late to build, too sad to sing.'

Hurt no living thing:
  Ladybird, nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
  Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
  Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

A linnet in a gilded cage,—
A linnet on a bough,—
In frosty winter one might doubt
Which bird is luckier now.

But let the trees burst out in leaf,
And nests be on the bough,—
Which linnet is the luckier bird,
Oh who could doubt it now?

How many seconds in a minute?
Sixty, and no more in it.

How many minutes in an hour?
Sixty for sun and shower.

How many hours in a day?
Twenty-four for work and play.

How many days in a week?
Seven both to hear and speak.

How many weeks in a month?
Four, as the swift moon runn'th.

How many months in a year?
Twelve the almanack makes clear.

How many years in an age?
One hundred says the sage.

How many ages in time?
No one knows the rhyme.

What is pink? a rose is pink
By the fountain's brink.
What is red? a poppy's red
In its barley bed.
What is blue? the sky is blue
Where the clouds float thro'.
What is white? a swan is white
Sailing in the light.
What is yellow? pearls are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.
What is green? the grass is green,
With small flowers between.
What is violet? clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.
What is orange? why, an orange,
Just an orange!

A pocket handkerchief to hem—
  Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!
How many stitches it will take
  Before it's done, I fear.

Yet set a stitch and then a stitch,
  And stitch and stitch away,
Till stitch by stitch the hem is done—
  And after work is play!

What will you give me for my pound?
Full twenty shillings round.
What will you give me for my shilling?
Twelve pence to give I'm willing.
What will you give me for my penny?
Four farthings, just so many.

If the sun could tell us half
  That he hears and sees,
Sometimes he would make us laugh,
  Sometimes make us cry:
Think of all the birds that make
  Homes among the trees;
Think of cruel boys who take
  Birds that cannot fly.

Hop-o'-my-thumb and little Jack Horner,
What do you mean by tearing and fighting?
Sturdy dog Trot close round the corner,
I never caught him growling and biting.

Seldom 'can't,'
Seldom 'don't';
Never 'shan't,'
Never 'won't.'

If all were rain and never sun,
No bow could span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.

A toadstool comes up in a night,—
  Learn the lesson, little folk:—
An oak grows on a hundred years,
  But then it is an oak.

An emerald is as green as grass;
A ruby red as blood;
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven;
A flint lies in the mud.

A diamond is a brilliant stone,
To catch the world's desire;
An opal holds a fiery spark;
But a flint holds fire.

I dug and dug amongst the snow,
And thought the flowers would never grow;
I dug and dug amongst the sand,
And still no green thing came to hand.

Melt, O snow! the warm winds blow
To thaw the flowers and melt the snow;
But all the winds from every land
Will rear no blossom from the sand.

January cold desolate;
February all dripping wet;
March wind ranges;
April changes;
Birds sing in tune
  To flowers of May,
And sunny June
  Brings longest day;
In scorched July
The storm-clouds fly
Lightning-torn;
August bears corn,
September fruit;
In rough October
Earth must disrobe her;
Stars fall and shoot
In keen November;
And night is long
And cold is strong
In bleak December.

# PART V

# LULLABY, BABY!

Angels at the foot,
And Angels at the head,
And like a curly little lamb
My pretty babe in bed.

Love me,—I love you,
Love me, my baby;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Sing it as may be.

Mother's arms under you,
Her eyes above you;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Love me—I love you.

What do the stars do
  Up in the sky,
Higher than the wind can blow
  Or the clouds can fly?

Each star in its own glory
  Circles, circles still;
As it was lit to shine and set,
  And do its Maker's will.

Lie a-bed,
Sleepy head,
Shut up eyes, bo-peep;
Till day-break
Never wake:—
Baby, sleep.

Is the moon tired? she looks so pale
Within her misty veil:
She scales the sky from east to west,
And takes no rest.

Before the coming of the night
The moon shows papery white;
Before the dawning of the day
She fades away.

O Lady Moon, your horns point toward the
east;
Shine, be increased:
O Lady Moon, your horns point toward the
west;
Wane, be at rest.

If the moon came from heaven,
Talking all the way,
What could she have to tell us,
And what could she say?

'I've seen a hundred pretty things,
And seen a hundred gay;
But only think: I peep by night
And do not peep by day!'

---

If stars dropped out of heaven,
And if flowers took their place,
The sky would still look very fair,
And fair earth's face.

Winged angels might fly down to us
To pluck the stars,
But we could only long for flowers
Beyond the cloudy bars.

Lullaby, oh lullaby!
Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
Lullaby, oh lullaby!
Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
Lullaby, oh lullaby!
While the birds are silence keeping,
(Lullaby, oh lullaby!)
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh lullaby!

# PART VI

# CHRISTMAS CAROLS

## I

Before the paling of the stars,
Before the winter morn,
Before the earliest cock-crow
Jesus Christ was born:
Born in a stable,
Cradled in a manger,
In the world His hands had made
Born a stranger.

Priest and King lay fast asleep
In Jerusalem,
Young and old lay fast asleep
In crowded Bethlehem:
Saint and Angel, ox and ass,
Kept a watch together,
Before the Christmas daybreak
In the winter weather.

Jesus on his mother's breast
In the stable cold,
Spotless Lamb of God was He
Shepherd of the fold:
Let us kneel with Mary Maid,
With Joseph bent and hoary,
With Saint and Angel, ox and ass,
To hail the King of Glory.

## II

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for Him, whom angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air;
But only His mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb,
If I were a Wise Man
I would do my part,—
Yet what I can I give Him,
Give my heart.

## III

### *For My Godchildren*

The Shepherds had an Angel,
  The Wise Men had a star,
But what have I, a little child,
  To guide me home from far,
Where glad stars sing together
  And singing angels are?

Lord Jesus is my Guardian,
  So I can nothing lack:
The lambs lie in His bosom
  Along life's dangerous track:
The wilful lambs that go astray
  He bleeding fetches back.

Lord Jesus is my guiding star,
  My beacon-light in heaven:
He leads me step by step along
  The path of life uneven:
He, true light, leads me to that land
  Whose day shall be as seven.

Those Shepherds through the lonely night
  Sat watching by their sheep
Until they saw the heavenly host
  Who neither tire nor sleep
All singing 'Glory, glory'
  In festival they keep.

Christ watches me, His little lamb,
  Cares for me day and night,
That I may be His own in heaven:
  So angels clad in white
Shall sing their 'Glory, glory'
  For my sake in the height.

The Wise Men left their country
  To journey morn by morn,
With gold and frankincense and myrrh,
  Because the Lord was born:
God sent a star to guide them
  And sent a dream to warn.

My life is like their journey,
  Their star is like God's book;
I must be like those good Wise Men
  With heavenward heart and look:
But shall I give no gifts to God?—
  What precious gifts they took!

Lord, I will give my love to Thee,
  Than gold much costlier,
Sweeter to Thee than frankincense,
  More prized than choicest myrrh:
Lord, make me dearer day by day,
  Day by day holier;

Nearer and dearer day by day;
  Till I my voice unite
And sing my 'Glory, glory'
  With angels clad in white;
All 'Glory, glory' given to Thee
  Through all the heavenly height.

## IV

Love came down at Christmas,
  Love all lovely, Love Divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
  Star and Angels gave the sign.

Worship we the Godhead,
  Love Incarnate, Love Divine;
Worship we our Jesus:
  But wherewith for sacred sign?

Love shall be our token,
  Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
  Love for plea and gift and sign.

# EPILOGUE
## FOR
# GROWN-UPS

## *TO LALLA*

### *Reading My Verses Topsy-Turvy*

*Darling little Cousin*
*With your thoughtful look*
*Reading topsy-turvy*
*From a printed book*

*English hieroglyphics,*
*More mysterious*
*To you than Egyptian*
*Ones would be to us;—*

*Leave off for a minute*
*Studying, and say*
*What is the impression*
*That those marks convey.*

*Only solemn silence*
*And a wondering smile:*
*But your eyes are lifted*
*Unto mine the while.*

*In their gaze so steady*
*I can surely trace*
*That a happy spirit*
*Lighteth up your face;*

*Tender happy spirit,*
*Innocent and pure,*
*Teaching more than science,*
*And than learning more.*

*How should I give answer*
*To that asking look?*
*Darling little Cousin,*
*Go back to your book.*

*Read on: if you knew it,*
*You have cause to boast:*
*You are much the wiser*
*Though I know the most.*

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